

THREE SONGS





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THREE SONGS



Russian,
Ukrainian and Byelorussian
Folk Songs

Kiev-Dnipro Publishers-1986



Geese go winging, geese go winging,
Flying low the geese go stringing.
Geese go winging o'er the willow tree.
Goose-feathers make a fine soft pillow see,
And those feathers from Goosey-geesey
Flying geese have given to Lucy.





Gather round, friends
And a feast I'll prepare!
Our old gate starts
And Billy-Goat comes
squeaking,
Here's the cow, Malanka,
With her calf
Romanka,



Here's the mare Marinka,
With her foal Gavrilka,
Then lambkin,
young Samkin,
Little Piggy-wiggy,
Duckling Dilly-dilly,
And the rooster Booster.



I catch hold by hand to the doggy's tail-
Only so 'cross the bridge with the broken rail-
To the doggy's tail I catch hold by hand,
Only so 'cross the stream on the bank I'll stand!





I've a friend so heavenly—
A pillow soft and feathery:
In the morn we part with pain,
In the evening meet again.

Lalla, lalla, lalla,
Calfings graze the pasture:
In fields the widest,
In grass the highest.



But when you've been to pasture,
Come home to your master.
When asleep you fall,
Cow-herd boy recall.



Well, what d'you like!
Grandad caught some pike-
Off to market rode,
Sold a whole cart-load.
Here's your money, old man,
For one honey-bun then!





On the mountain skipped a nanny-goat,
Skipped a nanny-goat, and began to boast:
— Ah, you old grey wolf,
Ah, you old grey wolf,
I'm not frightened of you,
Not the least, it's true!



-What? I don't have where were you?
 -I don't dark copse!
 -What you caught there, tell me!
 -A wolf and a fox.
 -Grey wolf got frightened.
 -But the fox I captured and
 put him in my sack.







In the dale blue mist is showing,
Swiftly day is vanishing,
On the mountain,
On the rowan,
There's a sparrow
balancing.





Chree-chree!-From afar has flown here
This bold magpie in its own here,
In its dark red cap, so plump,
It has settled in a stump.

*Lulla-lulla,
All the house asleep,
Kitty also sleeps,
On the stove breathes deep.
Lulla-lulla,
Lulla,
Lulla-lulla,
Lulla.*



-Kitty, Kitty,-

Mousie squeaks,-

-You're pretending,

You don't sleep...

Lulla-lulla,

Lulla

Lulla-lulla,

Lulla.

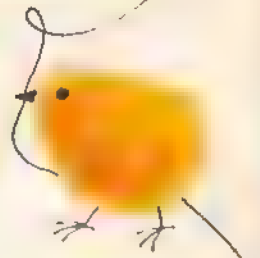


Oh, we want no woe, you know-
Nowhere for the cat to go.
Brought the cat to the yard, what
Simply sat him on the fence,
Now the cat runs away,
Makes the fence shake and sway,
Frightens all the little calves,
Little calves and lambs,
ba-bays,
Makes the children
all see stars.

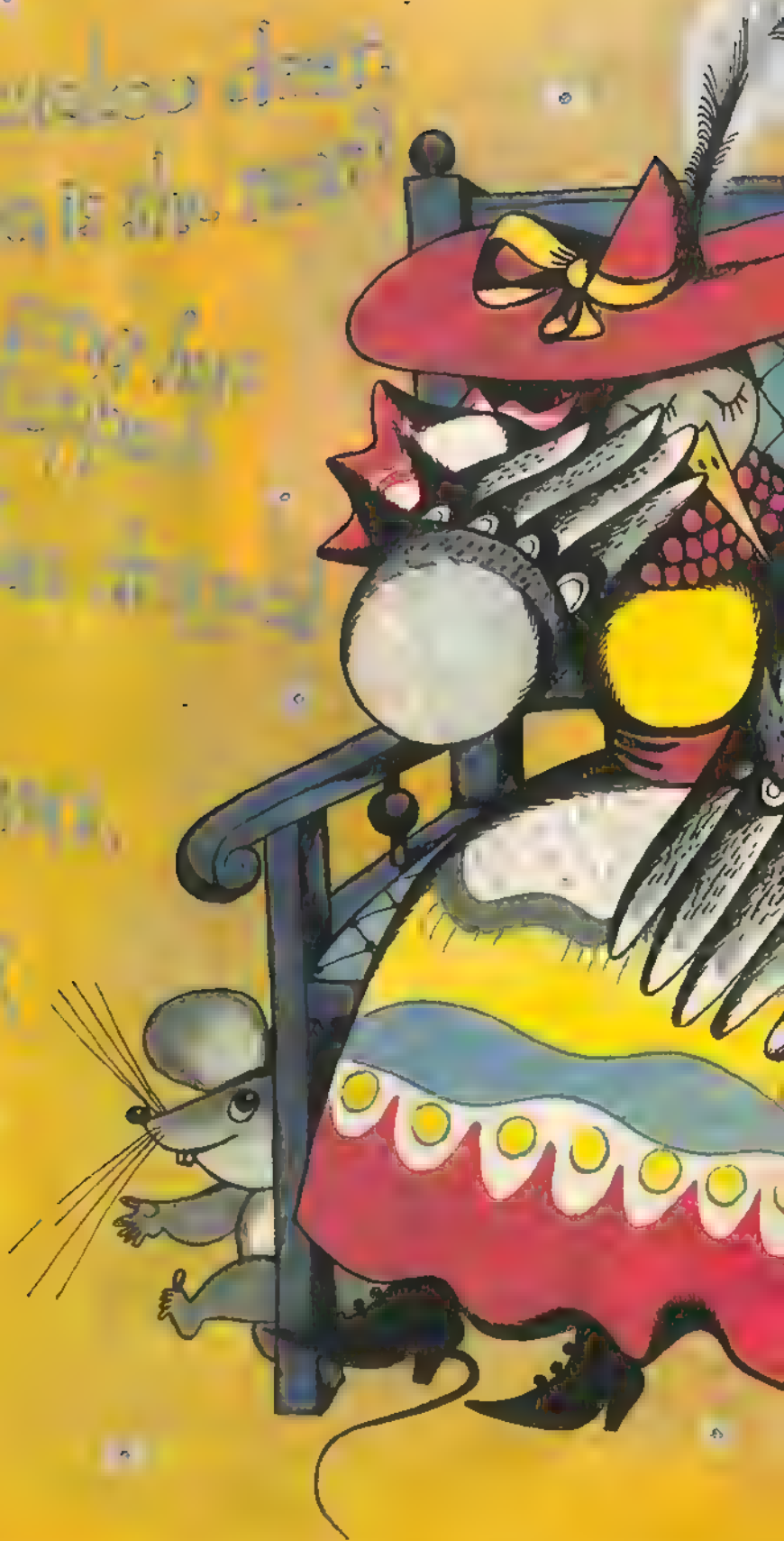




Morning sun -- chicken run
 Mother Hen she leads.
 Chicklets she feeds.
 And the cock, not a word saying
 All the hens starts cawing.



Quack, quack, quack, duck
Hear my voice, it's the best
For a better life, I'm
Going to swim
And swim to swim
And swim to swim





Clickety-clack, clickety-clack,
Don't you say a word,
And don't say a word,
And don't say a word,
For your feather is
So small and

Ging it was,
And when it was

And when it was
And when it was



See, dark clouds, hear, thunder roars,
All is gloom, like night, not day.
Foxy, wave that tail of yours,
Drive dark clouds in the sky away!

A duck swims, paddle-paddling,
But with her beak seen dabbling,
Small duck's bill in the water—
Three inches and a quarter.





Screech-Owl sat on a stack of hay,
Brown-Owl waited by the way.
Hey-hey-hey, by the way!
-Maybe you'll speak at last!
Screech-Owl the Brown-Owl asked-



What's that noise? Rat-tat!
I don't know, what is that?
- That's some logs, just for me
Woodpecker chops two days,
you see.
Tap-tap-tap! Just for me.
Tap-tap-tap! Just for me. 25



Michael, that's my friend, you know,
Searched for mushrooms in the snow.
Didn't find them in the wood-
In the wood a red fox stood!

By the tracks, near footpaths too,
In the night the mushrooms grew:
The red-caps by the mushrooms grew:
The black-caps by the aspen,
Agaric - round and bracken,
Morels-like children chubby.



Kitty came back
from the wood
Found a girale, very good.
Kitty came from shopping
A needle to darn her
stocking.



Wandered round the market,
Brought back boots in her basket.
Kitty went on the veranda
Brought a ring from the garden.
Look at Kitty—she's pretty!



I've a jolly porker;
Livelier than a horse, sir;
Ride him, if he grows thinner—
Gallon him home for dinner.





In a basket Pussy
Cooked herself a cookie.
While the Crane - ooh - ooh - ooh!
Cried: - I've come to dine with you!

Lulla-lulla-lullaby,
Now the hares come running by:
-Is our girlie sleeping tight,
She who sings so gay and bright?
-Run off all you hares in the rye!
Don't disturb her!
Lullaby!..



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by Ritaliy Zaslavsky

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